TYCOON WAR GOD

Chapter 1: Debuting at the peak, returning as the king!

"Cripple his legs!"

In the abandoned factory, the young man's face was cold, his eyes glinting with a chilling disregard for life. His minions advanced on the kneeling man, iron rods in hand. One of them kicked the man to the ground before viciously swinging the iron rod down twice.

CRACK!

Accompanied by agonizing screams, the man's legs shattered instantly. He writhed on the ground, crying out in pain.

"If you dare scream again, do you believe I won't cut out your tongue?" the young man threatened.

The threat was effective. The man on the ground stopped screaming, his voice reduced to a feeble plea. "Please... let me go. I... I don't want to die..." His voice was faint, filled with terror. His bloodshot eyes brimmed with pleading and fear.

"Let you go?" Hearing the man's plea, the young man's smile grew more ferocious. "It's not impossible."

He chuckled mockingly. "Here's the deal: kneel, kowtow to me three times, call me 'Grandpa' a few times, and admit you're a worthless piece of trash. If I'm in a good mood, maybe I'll let you go."

After he finished speaking, the young man burst into uproarious laughter, and his cronies joined in.

The man hesitated for a moment, as if making an agonizing decision. "Fine," he said, as if it took all his strength, "I'll kowtow! I'll call you that!"

He immediately struggled to get up, intending to kneel. But with his legs already broken, the humiliating movement made him gasp in agony. Yet, within those bloodshot eyes, a terrifying madness was beginning to form.

"Hurry up! This young lord doesn't have time to waste on you!" the young man urged impatiently.

The man bit down on his lip so hard that it bled, though he didn't seem to notice. He clawed at the ground, ripping the skin from his palms, but he acted as if he felt no pain. Enduring the immense suffering, he slowly got to his knees and began to crawl toward the young man. The contact between his shattered knees and the rough ground contorted his face in a mask of pain, but the madness in his eyes only intensified.

"Hahaha, this is killing me!" The young man laughed without restraint, looking at the man crawling on the ground like a dog, like a clown performing for his amusement. "Is this it? And you're a son-in-law of the Qin Family? Pah!"

"Kid, do you realize your mistake now?" After his laughter died down, the young man kicked the man over again, planting a foot on his chest and looking down at him. "You, Lin Mu, are nothing more than a pig or a dog. How dare you lay a finger on a woman like Qin Luoli?!"

The man's eyes shifted, but he remained silent.

The young man squatted down, grabbing Lin Mu by the hair. "Come on," he sneered, "bark like a dog for me. You've already been the Qin Family's dog for so many years, you should be used to it."

The man's lips quivered as he eyed the young man, now just inches away.

Suddenly, he lunged forward, sinking his teeth into the young man's neck.

"AH! Let go!" Bitten on the neck, the young man shrieked in excruciating pain. His followers were stunned.

"What are you standing there for? Hurry and save Young Master Qi!" one of them roared, rushing to pry them apart.

"It hurts like hell!" The young man clutched his bloody neck, his face twisted in agony. A chunk of flesh had been brutally torn from it, and blood was gushing from the wound.

"Bastard! Beat this dog to death with your clubs!" he screamed, pointing furiously at the man on the ground.

The others swarmed forward, swinging their clubs, ready to beat him to death.

"STOP!" the young man bellowed. He pressed a hand to his wound, his eyes filled with venom as he stared at the man on the floor. He kicked him in the head again and again.

"You dare bite me? Are you tired of living? I was going to let you divorce Qin Luoli and I might have spared your life, but now..." He spoke in a sinister tone, "You thing that's lower than a pig or dog has completely enraged me. Come on, bury him alive!"

With that, the man was dragged out of the factory.

「On a barren mountain strewn with boulders in the outskirts of River City...」

Dark clouds pressed down on the city, and thunderbolts gathered in the sky.

"It's about to pour! Hurry up and dig! Let's bury this kid so we can get our money!" Amidst the bleak, cold rain, a bald man urged his companion on as he dug a pit.

"Dammit! What kind of freak weather is this? It started raining out of nowhere," the companion grumbled, glancing up at the sky before digging with renewed effort.

Soon, the pit was ready. The two of them lifted the man from the ground and tossed him in. As they shoveled dirt over him, one said, "Kid, in your next life, remember not to get any ideas about Young Master Qi's woman. Young Master Qi isn't someone a worthless, live-in son-in-law like you can afford to offend."

The man stared at them, his eyes filled with a mixture of venom, regret, and reluctance. Finally, he closed them.

I hate this so much!

BOOM!

A colossal thunderclap shook the firmament as a bolt of lightning tore through the sky.

Lin Mu's eyes snapped open, a flash of lightning crackling within them.

"I have finally returned!" he murmured to himself. His gaze held the vicissitudes of endless ages, a universe where stars had fallen and seas had churned.

"Master of Myriad Tribulations! Supreme Nankuang! Northern Mysterious Immortal! Creator Demon Ancestor! Just you wait!"

A boundless hatred and enmity seemed poised to rip apart the heavens and annihilate the Ten Thousand Realms.

The day of my return shall be the day of your demise!

A silent roar echoed through eternity, summoning peal after peal of thunder.

In his previous life, Lin Mu was the top assassin on Earth. He accidentally traversed to the Eternal Immortal Realm, where, over the span of eight hundred years, he cultivated from an ordinary mortal to the realm of an Immortal Emperor. He shepherded the gods and immortals of the Ten Thousand Realms, earning the title of Eternal Emperor.

However, as he was undergoing the tribulation to become an Immortal Emperor, his enemies ambushed him. He suffered a backlash from the Heavenly Dao, causing his physical body to collapse and perish on the spot. If not for the Heavenly Dao Laws Record he had acquired by accident, which suddenly erupted with divine light to wrap around a sliver of his Divine Soul and carry it away, he would have been completely annihilated, his very existence erased.

His Divine Soul drifted through the cosmic Chaos for several hundred years. During that time, Lin Mu came to comprehend most of the Heavenly Dao Laws Record, but he lamented his lack of a physical body to cultivate. Just as he was sinking into despair, he spotted a sapphire-blue planet. Before he could react, a powerful wave of resentment erupted from it, and the next thing he knew, Lin Mu was here.

Of course, this body was not his. It belonged to another man also named Lin Mu, a live-in son-in-law of the Qin Family in River City. He was clearly disdained, constantly mocked and humiliated. At the moment of his death, his heart full of hatred transformed into that overwhelming resentment, which the

wandering Lin Mu sensed. He seized the opportunity to possess the body, succeeding in the takeover.

"Rest assured," Lin Mu muttered. "Since I have taken your body, I will naturally avenge you."

With that, the last remnant of the original owner's consciousness vanished completely. He felt a deep connection to the original Lin Mu's hatred, which was why the possession had been so perfect. He had not only taken over the body but also absorbed all of its memories.

Lin Mu stood up from the shallow grave.

"Agh, a ghost!" The two men shoveling dirt shrieked in terror, instinctively clinging to each other.

Er Gouzi pointed a trembling finger at Lin Mu. "Baldy, he... he's Lin Mu... He's not dead!"

"Fuck! So it's this bastard. You scared the hell out of me!" Baldy scrambled to his feet, pulling out a dagger and glaring at Lin Mu. "Kid, I didn't expect you to still be alive. In that case, let me send you on your way!"

With the dagger in hand, Baldy advanced on Lin Mu, his eyes burning with a crazed killing intent. As a man of the streets, he already had a few lives on his hands; adding Lin Mu to the list meant nothing.

"You both deserve to die."

A sharp glint flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. He suddenly appeared in front of Baldy and seized him by the neck.

"You..." Baldy gasped, his face contorting in pain and terror. "You... how..." He was stunned. How could Lin Mu be so fast? He hadn't even had time to react before his throat was caught in a vice-like grip.

Lin Mu looked at him with indifference and muttered, "An insignificant ant like you dares to challenge me."

CRACK!

With a crisp snap, Lin Mu twisted the bald man's neck. Baldy collapsed, his eyes wide with disbelief and terror. Even in death, he couldn't understand it: how had a worthless live-in son-in-law become so powerful?

Witnessing this, Er Gouzi was so scared he lost control of his bowels. He dropped to his knees with a thud and began to kowtow frantically. "Don't kill me! I beg you, please don't kill me!"

Lin Mu walked slowly toward him. "You aided a tyrant. Your death would not be a loss."

Er Gouzi shrieked, his voice twisted with fear. "You can't kill me! I work for Brother Fei! If you kill me, he'll never let you go!"

"Is that so?" A chilling arc formed on Lin Mu's lips. "In the vastness of the heavens and the breadth of the Ten Thousand Realms, there is no one I dare not kill."

Then, his figure blurred.

"I'll take you down with me!" Er Gouzi roared, grabbing a shovel and swinging it at Lin Mu. So what if the kid wasn't dead? In his mind, he was still the same useless weakling.

He swung the shovel with all his might, but it never found its target. A large hand caught it mid-air, stopping it completely.

Th... How is this possible?!

Er Gouzi's eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at Lin Mu. As far as he knew, wasn't the Qin Family's son-in-law famously useless? Not only did he lack any physical strength, but he was also a timid coward. How had he become so strong?

"Die!"

Lin Mu's hand tightened, and the iron shovel head buckled and twisted. In the same motion, his fist became a blade-hand that chopped down viciously on Er Gouzi's neck.

CRACK...

The blow shattered Er Gouzi's entire neck.

Lin Mu frowned slightly. Although his Divine Soul had already begun to alter this body, healing its tendons and meridians, it was still pathetically weak. Otherwise, with the power of his original body, a single blow would have sent the man's head flying.

It seems if I want revenge, I must first restore my cultivation level as quickly as possible.

Without hesitation, Lin Mu began to circulate the energy of the Heavenly Dao Laws Record.

In the next instant, the Spiritual Energy from the heavens and earth roared toward him, pouring into his body. Within minutes, all of it had been absorbed. Lin Mu broke through to the second layer of Qi Refining, and a black, foul-smelling substance oozed from his pores.

A marrow cleansing. Not bad.

Lin Mu felt a tinge of regret. If not for the scarcity of Spiritual Energy on Earth, he wouldn't have had to draw upon it so forcefully. Otherwise, restoring his former cultivation realm might not have been impossible.

Feeling the mana circulating within him, a faint smile appeared on his face.

Suddenly, he frowned. The torrential rain falling on him was unpleasant, and the deafening thunder was truly irritating. He opened his mouth and uttered a single, soft word: "Disperse."

In the next moment, the thunderclouds scattered and the downpour ceased.

When the Emperor Zun spoke, his words became law.

Time to go back.

Lin Mu looked up toward a distant point, and for a moment, storms gathered and lightning flickered in his eyes.

RING! RING! RING!

Just then, a cell phone rang. Lin Mu turned and saw it on the bald man's body. The caller ID displayed two words: Brother Fei.

Brother Fei was a subordinate of Qiao Zishan, the mastermind behind the original Lin Mu's death. It was he who had sent Baldy and Er Gouzi to dispose of the body.

With a thought, Lin Mu picked up the phone and answered. A cold voice came from the other end. "Is it done?"

When he received no reply, the man roared, "Answer me! Are you mute?!"

Lin Mu held the phone to his ear and said coolly, "It's me."

"Who is this? Where's Baldy?"

Lin Mu's voice was like ice. "Who I am is not important. Give Qiao Zishan a message. Tell him to wash his neck and wait."

"I'm coming for him."

With that, Lin Mu's hand tightened, and he crushed the phone into pieces.